

Ice-cream and an almost indirect kiss

by Chocobluel96

Category: Hamatora/ãf•ãfžãf^ãf©

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Art, Birthday, Nice, Ratio

Pairings: Birthday/Ratio, Nice/Art

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-03-09 19:26:18

Updated: 2014-03-09 19:26:18

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:51:43

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,068

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Based on an official art. Art meets up with Nice, Murasaki, Ratio and Birthday for his break. Nice gets ice-cream and wants Art to have some.

Ice-cream and an almost indirect kiss

I just fell in love with Hamatora at first sight and was very depressed over Art's death. To get over it, I had to read some fanfics but Hamatora have very few fanfics so I had to write one. A fanfic based on an official art. So expect NiceArt and Birthday x Ratio! I don't know what Birthday x Ratio pairing name is so I went with this. The official art is one of the new ones where Nice lets Art eat his ice-cream. I'm bad with plots so I had to use this. Sorry!

Please be reminded that it is my own headcanon that the Hamatora buns are made in Yokohama Police Department and that whatever I think I see, appears on this fic so if you see other things. I'm sorry. Also my grammar and writing are not so awesome. The characters might be ooc. Comments on improvements are welcome. Please enjoy the fanfic.

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><p>"I'm sorry I'm late." Art said as he ran up to Murasaki and Ratio after spotting them. Ratio was sitting on a chair, hands on a table in front of him. Murasaki was standing even though there were chairs around. Probably for Nice and Birthday. Art blinked upon realizing the two minimum holders were not in the group. That was said as a certain brunet was the one who invited him to hangout with them at the park during break time, "Where's Nice and Birthday?"<p>

"They both went off to buy some snacks." Murasaki lifted his glasses as he answered.

"I see..." Art sat down on one of two unoccupied chairs around the table. After seeing Ratio beside him, the inspector recalled something, "Ah Ratio," Art opened his bag and took out a transparent plastic bag containing a bun shaped like a cartoon tiger, "here. The bun you asked for." He handed it to the doctor,

"Thank you." Ratio said with a smile before taking the bun and handing some money to Art. He opened the packaging.

"What is it about this bun that's getting good reviews?" Murasaki asked, his eyes narrowed in annoyance. It was apparently a bun made in Yokohama Police Department's canteen. Nice would always buy it whenever he meets up with Art. Apparently the whole Hamatora detective agency likes it. To add, sometimes when Murasaki walked down the streets, he would see people eating that said bun. He never liked buns. That was why he never tried that particular tiger-shaped one, a reason for his questioning.

"It's delicious." Ratio answered. He was about to put the bun into his mouth when an arm wrapped around his neck and someone's weight acted on his back. Another hand with a red wrist band held an almost finished packet of chocolate. Immediately he knew who it was.

"Birthday, let go."

"No." Birthday replied as he chewed on the chocolate. The eye patched man uncovered eye twitched at annoyance before sighing. He knew nothing could convince his childhood friend otherwise.

"Birthday, do you know where Nice is?" Art inquired, noticing the brunet was not with Birthday. As if saying one's name would make said person appear, Nice plopped down on the last remaining unoccupied chair with one of his hands holding an ice-cream and the other a spoon.

"Hey Art!" Nice dipped his spoon into the ice-cream and pulled out a spoonful and ate it, "Want a taste?" He moved the ice-cream to Art's mouth leaving a small distance so as not to dirty Art's face.

"Ah...no thank you." The lilac haired man said politely. He liked sweet things and Nice knew that too, but Art did not want to inconvenience Nice that was why he said no,

"You sure?" Nice shortened the distance between the ice-cream and Art's mouth, in which Art leaned away to lengthened the space,

"Yes..." Art replied nervously, putting his hands up as a signal to further imply so.

"Nice. Don't force him." Murasaki placed a hand on Nice's shoulder, seeing how uncomfortable Art was. Luckily for the both of them, Nice moved the ice-cream away. The sonic minimum holder took a few seconds staring at the ice-cream. It seemed he was thinking of a reason why Art did not want to eat it. Nice smiled at a conclusion before turning his head to Art,

"You don't want your hair to get into the ice-cream, right?" He voiced his answer which was wrong. Nice took out the spoon from his mouth and grabbed a spoonful once again of the ice-cream, "Here, use my spoon." He shoved the spoon in Art's direction, stopping the ice-cream a distance away from Art's mouth again. That caught the attention of Birthday and Ratio from the other side of the table. A blush crept up Art's cheeks as the thought of an indirect kiss with Nice came to his mind. What was Nice thinking!? Does he know what he was doing!? The thought came to the rest as well, except for Nice, judging from the blushes on their cheeks. Birthday and Ratio subconsciously turned their heads to face each other and quickly looked away upon eye contact, even brighter blushes appeared on their cheeks. Murasaki covered his face as he shook his head thinking of how he was going to face this lovey dovey atmosphere from now on.

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><p>I cannot believe I thought, wrote and uploaded this all within three hours. It's 1pm now. I should sleep. But first I would like to add a few things for more squeals. I'll leave it to readers to figure out why Ratio and Birthday turned to each other at the thought of an indirect kiss. Please be reminded that Birthday still haven't finish the chocolate. (Wink wink.) I'm so sorry for the lack of explanation. I'm not good with descriptions. I would also like for more details on Nice and Art. Now that I think about it, I could have added Art eating the ice-cream. Haha! Sorry if it wasn't up to your expectations but thank you so much for reading! Please leave a review! I want to improve my writing. Hope you readers had a fun time reading! Thank you so much again!<p>

End
file.